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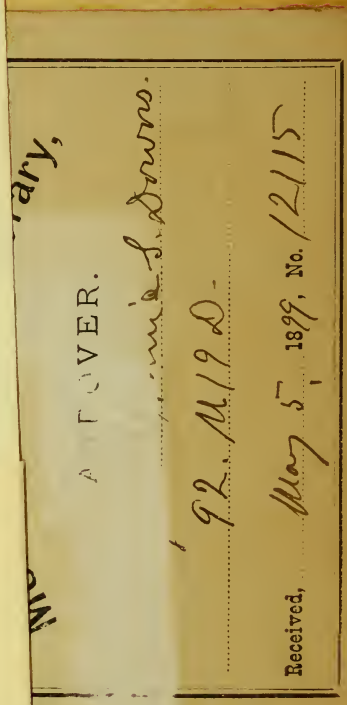

Memorial

Philena McKeen

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Memorial

Philena McKeen

June 13, 1822
May 13, 1898

EDITED BY

ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS.

And. Coll.
R
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McKEEN, Ph.

MEMORIAL.

JUST at sunset, Friday, May 13, 1898, Miss Philena McKeen, for thirty-three years principal of Abbot Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, calmly and peacefully died in her own home, which she had named "Sunset Lodge" when she took possession of it six years before.

As a large gathering of old scholars and personal friends at her funeral was inevitable, it was thought best that the service should be held in Draper Hall instead of her own house. Accordingly, on Monday, the 16th, she was carried to the "McKeen-Rooms." At two o'clock in the afternoon the Fidelio Society of Abbot Academy, under the direction of Professor S. M. Downs, chanted to music of his own composing,—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," and the Lord's Prayer was repeated in unison by the assembled friends.

Then the following appropriate and sig-

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nificant selections of Scripture were read by Professor John Wesley Churchill, D.D.:

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. The memory of the just is blessed. The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; they shall grow like the cedars of Lebanon; those that be planted in the house of our Lord shall flourish in the courts of the Lord; they shall still bring forth fruit in old age. Because he hath set his love upon me, I will set him on high. With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation. Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? Her price is far above rubies. Favor is deceitful,

and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Strength and honor are her clothing. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

"Every wise woman buildeth her house. Behold, saith your God, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay the foundations with sapphires; and I will make thy windows of agates; and thy gates of carbuncles; and all thy borders of pleasant stones. Thy daughters shall be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Ye are God's building. According to the grace of God which is given unto me as a wise master-builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is — Jesus Christ. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are! The King's daughter is all glorious within.

"She hath sent forth her maidens. Kings' daughters are among her honorable women. The virgins, her companions that follow her, shall be brought unto thee; with gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the King's palace. They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, forever and ever. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

"How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod! The daughters of nations shall lament her. We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company. Thy love was wonderful. Love is strong as death; many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all!

"When she was in affliction she besought the Lord her God: 'Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry. O spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence to be no more. Thou hast weakened my strength in the way. Mine eyes

fail in looking upwards. Abide with me; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent; the shadows of evening are stretched out.'

"Jesus said: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. My grace is sufficient for thee.' Say unto her: 'Is it well with thee?' And she answered: 'It is well. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help! My help cometh from the Lord. At eventime it shall be light. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. I know that my Redeemer liveth. I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him until that day. I would not live alway. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. To depart and be with Christ is far better; absent from the body, and present with the Lord. Therefore my heart is glad; my flesh also shall rest in hope. In thy presence is fullness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures

forevermore. Father, I would that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.'

"There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant; but if a man die shall he live again?

"Jesus answered: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Because I live, ye shall live also.' Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"When Christ who is our life shall appear, ye also shall appear with him in glory. And we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. They shall see his face, and his name shall be in their forehead. I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness. And there shall be no more death; neither shall there be any more pain. There the weary be at rest.

So he giveth his beloved sleep. And so shall we be ever with the Lord."

At the close of the Scripture reading, Professor Churchill offered prayer, in words so appreciative of Miss McKeen, and so in sympathy with our individual sorrow, that for the moment grief was lost in a realization of her worth and in an assurance of her perfect happiness.

Professor Churchill said: —

O thou ever-living Refuge of thy children, we reverence thee as the only Lord of life and death. From thee cometh down every good and every perfect gift; and we draw near to thee in the spirit of praise and gratitude to bless thee for the unspeakable gift of the noble, saintly soul whose departure from us leaves a shadow upon our hearts. Now that she has finished the great work thou gavest her to do, we bless thee for her long and bountiful life in all the strength and beauty of its completeness. Death is robbed of his sting, and the grave has no victory here.

There is everything to remember in her that savors of the holy incense of unselfish Christian living, and of loving, faithful service in the Kingdom of God.

We thank thee for the tender memories which unseal the springs of gratitude, of veneration, and of love in the hearts that revered her as teacher, counsellor, and friend. In giving voice to the feelings of our hearts, we cannot sufficiently thank thee for all that she was to so many of us in our days of inexperience, of ignorance, and of youthful peril. We rejoice that, although the years have come and gone since we felt the immediate touch of her firm and gentle spirit upon our unformed natures, she is infinitely more to us than a beloved memory; as a blessed influence in the very life of our life she is living still. In thy gracious ordering of our lives, thou leavest more than her image in our hearts. We have yet something of that which was sweet, and strong, and sacred in the benign presence which here we shall know no more. She being dead yet speaketh in the fruitage of her wise guidance and tender solicitude, in her

admonitions, her encouragements, and her inspirations for attaining to high ideals of Christian character and conduct. As the sacred memories flood our hearts in the last presence of her mortality; as we think of the happy family life in the school, with its daily prayer and song and word of counsel; its dedication of young life to Christ and his service; its innocent pleasures and intimate confidences; its bright visions and new meanings of life, — we give thee the profoundest gratitude of our souls for these inestimable privileges and untold blessings. We who have been her associates in the instruction of the school and in the administration of its family life would render to thee thanksgiving for the unspeakable blessing of the intimate companionship of her example, for her wisdom, her patience, and her unfailing kindness. The guardians of the school give thanks to God at this hour for her incalculable worth to the cause of education, and to the institution she has so disinterestedly loved and devotedly served. We gratefully recognize thy goodness in bestowing upon

her great gifts of enterprise and of administration, which enabled her to accomplish so much for the material prosperity of our beloved school; and which have introduced so many opening, inquiring minds to the mysteries of nature and the treasures of art.

We are glad and grateful before thee for the domestic life that made her home a place of peace, — a centre from which has radiated influences to cheer and to bless. We are thankful that the youthful life of her household received a blessing in the beautiful gospel of her daily life, and that its formative influence was so strongly impressed upon them. We rejoice that thou didst put into her heart a love for little children, and that the presence of the innocent faces she gathered about her kept her heart young and led her own childlike spirit into still deeper ways of love and trust in the Heavenly Father.

We have great cause of thankfulness to thee for the vigor of spirit, of mind, and of body which thou didst impart to her in her declining years, and which filled her leisure from official responsibilities full of tireless

and beneficent activity, enabling her still to render varied service to the school of her love, and to complete the crowning work of her later life. We remember her many ways of helpful friendship in the intellectual and social life of our community, which made her presence amongst us a continual benediction. Thou didst graciously impart to her the spirit and love of the beautiful; and we gratefully recognize her expression of it in ways which lead us as citizens to give to her memory the tribute of our praise.

Especially do we thank thee, O thou Giver of the great gift of this precious life, that the Christian faith of all who knew her is deeper and stronger because they have witnessed her implicit trust in the divine Father, who portioned out for her all her life, with its multiplied joys and repeated sorrows, so that she did not fear to meet its inevitable changes. Our lives are richer because thou gavest her a heart at leisure from itself to sympathize with the experiences of others. We have had living amongst us one whose controlling motive

of life was to have a mind constantly intent on pleasing thee.

It is our joy and consolation, O Father, to think of thy loving-kindness to her in her days of failing strength. God bless and comfort the dear ones whose hearts of loving kinship led them from their distant home to her bedside to soothe her weariness, and in offices of loving devotion to smooth her pathway out of its mortality into the heavenly life. Make them glad in thy mercy all their days, and in the memory of her wise sympathy and self-forgetting love. Let thy comforting presence go with them as they bear her beloved form to its last resting-place amongst the Green Hills far away, where she shall sleep in the midst of kindred and friends, and be placed beside the beloved sister whose life was so intertwined with hers and the life of the school, and whose blessed memory is enshrined in so many of our hearts. Do thou graciously reward the loving heart of thine handmaid who has rendered our dear friend such watchful and faithful service for

so many years, and guide her future days in ways of pleasantness and in paths of peace.

Our hearts go out in grateful blessing to the Providence that so gently detached the spirit of our beloved from the ties that bound her to earth, and rounded her long and useful life with a sleep. We are happy in thinking that thou didst time the going down of the sun of her life with the fading away of the light of day in the dear, hopeful West.

We would fain linger in this hallowed place, within this monument of her loving devotion; within these rooms once animated by her gracious presence, and now made forever sacred by the silence of her slumbering dust. But as thou dost bid us take our last farewell of the friend revered and beloved, with whom we took sweet counsel; of the leader of our youthful ways, to whom so many eyes looked up for guidance; and whose spirit of devotion turned our duties into love, we bless and praise thee again and again for the dear ties which thou hast severed; and we pray that a double portion

of her spirit may rest upon us. Help us to yield ourselves in service to thee — her Father and ours. We will not be afraid either of duty, or of sorrow, or of death, in a world which has been sanctified by saintly souls like hers, and in the presence of a Providence where no evil thing can dwell forever. Give us strength to return from this solemn scene to the varied duties of our place with chastened desires, with holier aspirations, with more faithful diligence, with less trust in ourselves, and a deeper rest in thee. May we dedicate ourselves anew to thy will. And when for each of us life's day shall close, and the shadows of evening shall gather around us, may we hail the Angel of Death as a messenger of mercy, and the grave as the very Gate of Heaven. Our prayer is before thee, O Father, in the name of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life: Amen and Amen.

The school hymn —

> "Father, I know that all my life
> Is portioned out for me," —

was sung by the Fidelio Society and the blending voices of the many former pupils

and friends, as from the various rooms they took up the words and notes of the dear old hymn. The simple yet impressive service was closed with the Benediction: — "The God of Peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

The Andover *Townsman* of Friday, May 20, 1898, contained the article printed below; written by Miss Maria S. Merrill, who for many years was a valued associate of Miss McKeen in Abbot Academy.

PHILENA MCKEEN.
June 13, 1822.
May 13, 1898.

The earthly life of one widely known and truly honored has gone out from among us.

This fact, full of deep meaning, we can as yet hardly grasp; how, then, is it possible at this time and in words, to utter her praise, or to express in any adequate manner our sense of her worth and of our loss?

Philena McKeen was born in Bradford, Vermont, on the 13th of June, 1822. Of her good parents, of her gifted sisters and brother, of the beautiful home life, stern but inspiring, much might be said. Miss McKeen honored her father and mother, and from them early learned those lessons of

obedience, thoroughness, and tireless energy which marked her whole career. Her father, the Rev. Dr. Silas McKeen, a man of unusual strength of character, guided and supplemented her instruction in the schools, and was a constant example to his children of simple piety, sincere living, sturdy independence, and unswerving fidelity to duty. Miss McKeen taught with success in Bridgton, Me., at College Hill, Ohio, and from Oxford, Ohio, she was called to the principalship of Abbot Academy in 1859. Although thirty-seven years of age when she came to Andover, it seems as though her real life work began here. Certain it is that her character and her capabilities for extraordinary usefulness developed richly in her new work. Able principals Abbot Academy had had before her, but to Miss McKeen it was granted, during the thirty-three years of her stewardship, to make vigorous effort for the increase of the school in things material, mental, and spiritual, and we rejoice today to know that she lived to see some of the fruits of her labors, for who but God can measure the whole harvest?

Twenty years after Miss McKeen and her beloved sister, Miss Phebe, came to Abbot Academy, the school celebrated grandly its semi-centennial. That year, the History of Abbot Academy, written by the two sisters, gave to the world an inspiring record of what had been already wrought. How great a part of the school's success and growth was due to these faithful teachers, and especially to Miss McKeen, those who know the school best see most clearly. In 1880, Miss Phebe died. What seemed a death-blow to our beloved friend, was rather a life-blow, robbing death of its terrors, drawing her still nearer to the unseen world, sweetly unfolding that gentleness which made her great. How grandly, how cheerfully she stood alone, the last of her family! In the summer of 1892, Miss McKeen withdrew from active service in the school, having lived two years in Draper Hall, so truly the work of her hands, but never for an instant did she withdraw from it her active interest in all that appertained to its well-being. For well-nigh six happy years Miss McKeen lived in South

Hall, which then received from her its new name: "Because the bright sun floods it all day and sets in wondrous glory before the western windows, and also because these are my sunset years, I have named my house 'Sunset Lodge.' The last name reminds me that this is only a lodge — a waiting-place, till, through grace, the Father shall summon me HOME." With these words she closed her "Sequel to the History of Abbot Academy," a work published last Christmas and relating in Miss McKeen's clear and graphic way the history of the school from 1879–1892.

Although the Home beyond was attractive to her, she loved her work here and proved herself as great in her retirement as in her activity, entering into all good works for school and home and town. Many can bear record of these recent years. Her last illness, which lasted but a month, was painless, but her strength waned fast, and at sunset, May 13, she fell asleep. On Monday, May 16, her body was borne to the McKeen-Rooms in Draper Hall, which were beautiful with graceful palms and exquisite flowers, arranged

by loving hands, and there friends met to praise God for this faithful friend and counsellor, this wise and good woman. A choir from the school chanted the favorite psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," and then all united in the Lord's prayer. Passages of Scripture, beautifully significant and fitting, were read by Professor Churchill, who also led our prayer. Many joined in the school hymn,

> "Father, I know that all my life
> Is portioned out for me,"

and with a benediction the impressive service ended. Tuesday morning a few neighbors and friends gathered in Sunset Lodge for hymn and Scripture and prayer, before bearing the beloved form to the old home in Bradford, Vermont.

At Bradford, a few life-long friends of Miss McKeen joined her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKeen Duren, and the Andover friends who accompanied them, in the peaceful graveyard, and in the bright afternoon sunshine they lifted up their eyes unto the hills, rejoicing in God who had

given and taken away. In that hallowed spot we left her, beside Miss Phebe, whose grave, with hers, we covered with beautiful flowers.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."

To the Abbot *Courant*, June, 1898, Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs contributed, in loving memory,

The Final Chapter.

Reading the tender concluding words of Miss McKeen's "Sequel to Annals of Fifty Years," we hoped that her "sunset years" might be multiplied, and that the time was still far distant when her gracious presence would no longer dignify our streets, or consecrate her dear and familiar home. But our hopes were not to be realized. The words alluded to were written almost a year ago, and even before they were printed in January last it was evident her strength and health were failing.

Early in the autumn, soon after her return from York Beach, she had a short but serious illness from which she never fully recovered. Her failure, however, was not apparent to ordinary eyes, and she was active in town, club, and home affairs to an extent which now seems to have been beyond her strength.

As a director of the Village Improvement

Society she was much interested in the beautifying of the triangle opposite the South Church, and was indefatigable in her efforts to have it graded, grassed, and made ready for a few choice shrubs. The sum required to do it seemed so large that many of her fellow-directors, feeling that it would be difficult to obtain, thought the plan would better be given up; but she determined to try, and succeeded, as she had always when she made similar attempts.

The last time she went to drive, the Tuesday of Easter week, she asked to be taken by this piece of ground, and was much pleased with its appearance and with the appreciation shown her efforts, not only by the Village Improvement Society but by the citizens generally.

During the late autumn and through the winter she met the members of the Art Department of the November Club once a fortnight, and was tireless in her interest in a public meeting, held November 29, where the entertainment consisted of papers on American Sculpture, illustrated by stereopticon slides.

The papers were written and read by members of the department, and the slides were obtained by Miss McKeen from many dealers who were acquainted with her reputation as a teacher and student of art.

Since the foundation of the November Club in 1890, she has been the leader of this Art Department, which has always been very large in numbers and of unusual interest.

Again on February 7, 1898, she presided at another public meeting of the Art Department, when a lecture was given on Florence, where her attention and discriminating appreciation were generally remarked. Her interest in the November Club never waned, and only a fortnight before her death the last meeting of the season of the Art Department was held at her house, although she was not able to be down stairs to welcome the members.

The last writing she ever did for any public purpose was for the November Club. While she was so feeble as to be obliged to do most of the actual writing on the sofa, she prepared a carefully considered paper, advocating the sale of tickets to the public

when the Club gave any desirable lecture, concert, or dramatic entertainment. By so doing she thought the funds of the Club might be increased, but most of all she desired to benefit the town. This paper, wise in suggestion, noble in aim, and broad in sympathy, deserves publication and wide circulation.

But the publication of the "Sequel to Annals of Fifty Years" was the important event of the winter. She thought of it continually, gave prompt, untiring attention to its details, and when it was issued, in the first week of January, was in all respects but one perfectly satisfied with its appearance. The one exception was that the intended dedication to Miss Phebe was accidentally omitted. That dedication was as follows:

"This book is affectionately inscribed to the memory of my sister, Phebe Fuller McKeen."

It is a great delight to remember how pleased she was when the Trustees of Abbot Academy asked her to write this book, to finish the history of Abbot Academy from

1879, where Miss Phebe and she had left it, down to 1892, when her own connection with the school ceased. While she realized fully the work before her, and once or twice distrusted her physical strength, yet as she went on, the renewed intercourse with her dear old scholars, the taking up once more of never forgotten links in the chain of a happy past, imparted to each successive page an additional and unexpected charm.

The book, valuable from the first, is now greatly enhanced because it is her last word for the beloved school which for more than a generation had been her especial charge.

In the Thanksgiving recess she entertained the deaf, dumb, and blind Tommy Stringer and his teacher. Her enjoyment of these unique visitors may be seen in the account published in the mid-winter *Courant.*

During the Christmas holidays we were all amused by the almost girlish enthusiasm she showed in Dr. Nansen's book. We laughed at her, and she laughed at herself when she told how she stayed at home, *even from the November Club*, that her friend and she might get on with Dr. Nansen.

She was made very happy by the appointment of her pupil, associate, and intimate friend, Miss Emily A. Means, to the principalship of Abbot Academy, and wrote among her very latest letters one to her, expressing her satisfaction and her conviction of a prosperous future for her dear old school.

Still, with all this activity, we did not see as much of her at our houses as we usually did. Instead, we had notes asking us to come to her, as it was too cold, windy, or icy for her to go out. We praised her caution while we wondered at it, but we see now she felt her weakness, and remember how casual acquaintances began to remark her delicacy of appearance. She sat on the platform of Punchard Hall on March 21, when Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer gave a lecture on the Citizen's Duty to the Public Schools. After the lecture she said she felt too much fatigued to thank Mrs. Palmer, excellent though the lecture was. But, true to her habit, she did stop, and made her courteous acknowledgment.

On the first of April, at Mrs. Bancroft's

funeral, she admitted that she was ill, but intended to go to Boston the next day for the meeting of the Abbot Club and imperative business. The business she accomplished, but was not equal to the Abbot Club.

The next week Dr. Chamberlain said she had a heart difficulty, and prescribed rest and tonics. She was inclined to make light of the heart difficulty, but was alarmed by the rapid and continual loss of strength, which she ascribed, however, to her inability to take food. Easter Sunday she drove for a short time with Mr. and Mrs. Draper, but said she was so weak she was sure she was very poor company. From that date, April 10, until May 13, when she died, her decline was swift. After being ill a fortnight, being urged to have a nurse, she smilingly pleaded that the plan be deferred a couple of days to see if she did not improve. At the end of the time she yielded, and on Wednesday, April 27, Miss Church, a most careful, intelligent, and devoted professional nurse, took her place by her side to remain until the end. Miss McKeen liked her very much,

and wrote several friends to tell them how glad she was to be so well cared for. Her suffering was principally from weakness, the difficulty of the heart being much relieved by her recumbent position.

After Thursday, the fifth of May, her condition became critical, and on Saturday, the seventh, Dr. Chamberlain had a consultation with Dr. George M. Garland of Boston, and her nephew, Mr. Charles McKeen Duren of Eldora, Iowa, was telegraphed for.

Dr. Garland agreed with Dr. Chamberlain as to disease and treatment, and feared she would not live until Mr. Duren could reach Andover. She did, however, and, when with his wife he arrived Monday afternoon, recognized them, and said she was very glad to see them. The details of the last days are too sacred to print, even in the *Courant*. Never equal to continuous conversation, she could always be roused to recognition and perfect comprehension of friends. She said she was comfortable, not anxious as to the result, and when in answer to her question, "What will be the outcome of this illness?"

Dr. Chamberlain rejoined, "We have grave apprehensions, but so great is your recuperative power, we have likewise hope," she smiled gently, and remarked, "I am satisfied to have it either way."

To a friend she said slowly, "It is strange it makes so little difference whether we are on this side or the other," and a little later, when the same friend turned to leave the bedside, asked in an almost animated manner, "Have you any messages, my dear?" The friend, fearing her own self-control would fail, dared to answer only, "Always love." Nothing could have shown so positively the clearness of her mind, for it had for years been understood between the two that the one who went first would be the other's messenger. Slowly but surely she faded, the brief periods of rally effecting nothing towards permanent improvement, and just at sunset, Friday, May 13, the freed soul passed.

Tears fell like rain, not for her, but for ourselves, that we should see her face no more, and that henceforth we must bear our heavy burdens without her sympathy and appreciation.

On Monday, the 16th, she was placed in the McKeen-Rooms at Draper Hall. These rooms were especially dear to her, as they had been richly and artistically finished by contributions from old scholars, teachers, and friends in memory of herself and sister. Her own lovely portrait, painted by Edgar Parker, and given by the Alumnæ Association to the Academy, stood upon an easel near the head of the coffin, while palms and ferns from the hothouses of the Andover Trustees made a green, fresh, and beautiful background. From Trustees, Faculty, Class of 1882, and present pupils of Abbot Academy, came exquisite pink roses, white roses, and pure white lilies of the valley, while the tributes of love from the Abbot Clubs of Boston and New York, as well as those of innumerable personal friends, filled every nook and corner. At two o'clock in the afternoon, when the drawing room, reading room, seniors' parlor, and library, as well as the McKeen-Rooms were crowded with sorrowing groups, Professor Churchill took his place at the foot of the grand stairway, near the guests' entrance.

Then the Fidelio Society of Abbot Academy, under the direction of Mr. Downs, chanted the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm, which all old scholars associate with Miss Phebe. As its sublime expressions of habitual trust broke the sacred silence, many remembered how, on June 20, 1880, Miss McKeen had said it with them at the memorial service for her sister.

The Scripture read by Professor Churchill soothed and strengthened by its significant appropriateness, and his prayer was a noble tribute to Miss McKeen as a woman, a widely known public educator, and a devoted personal friend.

Again the Fidelio Society sang, this time the school hymn,

> "Father, I know that all my life
> Is portioned out for me,"

which is so associated with all Miss McKeen's public career that it seemed as if even from her coffin, she must sing with us. As it died away, first in one room, then in another, Dr. Bancroft told any who cared to see her once more to pass through the McKeen parlors.

One or two friends stood as a guard of honor by the flower-wreathed coffin, and as they marked the grief on many a tear-stained face, felt that though God had denied the noble woman they mourned, the devotion of lover and husband, and the worship of children of her own, He had filled up her full length of days with the unstinted affection of so many hearts that her soul could have known no lack.

Early the next morning there was a little neighborhood gathering at Sunset Lodge to give her our last farewell. Professor Downs played the Allegretto from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Professor Churchill read again from the Bible, offered another prayer, and those who could command their voices sang

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Then, accompanied by her nephew and his wife, representatives of the Trustees and Faculty, and a few friends, she was carried to Bradford, Vermont, where in the late afternoon of the same day they laid her in the place chosen by herself, close to Miss Phebe.

The pine trees of her youth overshadow her grave, the river she loved flows quietly at her feet, and sorrow is assuaged and loneliness is alleviated as we whisper, "Though the places that knew her will know her visible presence no more forever, the penetrating and persuasive presence of her invisible spirit will never vanish, for the life she so nobly and courageously lived will be a blessing forever to Abbot Academy and to the world."

On Commencement Day, June 21, 1898, in the South Church, Andover, Henry A. Clapp, Esq., of Boston, delivered an address upon Portia, Shakespeare's ideal woman; after which, Professor John Wesley Churchill, D.D., spoke as follows to the graduating class of Abbot Academy:

YOUNG LADIES: —

The Class of '98 has come to the parting of the ways. Your bright anticipations of the Future are mingled with tender memories of the Past. An epoch is also marked in the life of the school itself. The guide, counsellor, and friend of your class, whose wisdom and sympathy have directed your intellectual and moral life throughout your academic course, stands herself at the close of her conscientious service in the headship of the school.

When our retiring principal, Miss Watson, was called to the grave responsibilities of her high position, she entered upon a peculiarly difficult and delicate task. The guardians of

the school hoped for a long period of service from her. But at the end of the sixth year of her principalship she has deemed it best to ask for her release from official burdens, and she voluntarily gives back to us the trust we had committed to her hands.

It has been a trust faithfully and worthily administered, to the extent of her ability and full strength of single-hearted devotion. The re-organization of the curriculum of study suggested by her on assuming the duties of the principalship has been maintained with a most gratifying degree of success. She has cherished and earnestly endeavored to realize high ideals in the education of young women; and her personal kindness, counsel, example, influence, and power of forceful speech have won for her the lasting esteem of her pupils. As she seeks much-needed rest and recreation in foreign lands, and the fulfillment of cherished plans for self-culture, we trust that she may value among her pleasures of memory not only her place upon the honorable roll of Abbot's educators, but also this sincere public expression of our best wishes and personal

esteem. May she also find a deep satisfaction in looking back upon her life in Abbot Academy as spent in the high service of that which passes not away.

It is natural to turn for a moment from the influence and example of the living teacher who has guided and cheered you throughout your academic course, to another source of inspiration which is now radiated upon you from the heavenly world. Beside the sarcophagus of the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria is the marble receptacle of the ashes of her beloved preceptress, placed there by the order of the Empress herself. Hundreds of the older daughters of your Alma Mater honored the preceptress of their youth while her earthly presence blessed them, and, next to the dear memory of kindred, they revere her even more now that she has become a living and a sacred memory.

You, too, as Alma Mater's youngest daughters, have felt the influence of her benign presence as she has moved in and out amongst you. You have seen that grand, gray head, and listened to the wisdom born

of God as she has imparted to you counsels of perfection in the deliberate modulations of her low-toned, expressive voice. You honored her while living, and now that she has joined the happy throng of spirits made perfect who are sitting at the feet of the Great Teacher, you will venerate her precious memory.

Fortunate is the graduating class that leaves these academic shades under the inspiration of an ideal character like Portia of Belmont — that lovely creation of the poet's brain — and with such a noble and exquisite interpretation. Happy is that class which has seen and known a sister-woman of real, breathing flesh and blood, who will live in their memory as an abiding and an active influence in their lives — a realized ideal of truest womanhood.

You have seen and known a woman of rare mental power, whose judgment, though not brilliant in its action, was marked by lucidity, sureness, and solidity. She made very few mistakes. She was a deep diviner of character. At the base of Miss McKeen's inherited qualities was a robust, roundabout

common-sense, which amounted almost to genius. Blended with her massive good sense were her quick, womanly intuitions, a delicious sense of humor, and a thorough-going simplicity and genuineness of character. You cannot imagine her as ever influenced by an unworthy motive, or allured into a dishonorable action, or a morally questionable policy. Her integrity was "the immediate jewel of her soul."

She was a woman of ideas, but she made no pretence of being a philosopher or a reformer in educational theories. I do not remember of ever hearing her speak of Abbot Academy as a place for the "new education," or "the higher education of woman." And yet, unconsciously, and in a way entirely natural to herself, she did develop the principles and the method of a higher education for woman. Hers was not the effeminate, gentle gospel of female education which says to a girl: "Your best, your sweetest empire is to please." Miss McKeen virtually said to every one of her girls: "Your best, your sweetest empire is to serve, — to serve the family

and social life of your country by being a womanly woman; not a conventional 'lady,' but a woman of ample mental resource, and of Christian culture and refinement." In a word, her twofold aim in the education of the individual girl was the training for *character* in nobleness and intelligence; and the training for *power* in the mastery of self-respecting womanhood for the service of human society, and for honorable influence in the citizenship of the state. For a third of a century she endeavored to realize for Abbot what Thomas Arnold contemplated for Rugby. She did not think it necessary that Abbot Academy should be a school of three hundred, or of one hundred, or of fifty; but it was necessary, she said, that it should be "a school of cultivated Christian girls."

Her whole life was bound up in the school and its highest interests; and her strong, magnetic character exercised a powerful formative influence upon all the girls who came under her guidance. The best thing which happened to a girl in school was the vital contact with the principal's vigorous and

sympathetic nature, which helped a young life to emancipate itself from its self-consciousness, and set it free to grow into the very best it had the capacity for being and doing.

This remarkable woman, the pride and glory of Abbot Academy, was a wise organizer and an economical administrator; a stimulating and vitalizing teacher; a person of delicate insight and helpful sympathy; of a refinement and nobility of feeling which took care of the beautiful; above all, she was a woman of intellectual modesty, of a beautiful humility of Christian faith, and of a dauntless Christian courage. She rightfully should be given her equal place with Emma Willard and Mary Lyon, and the Newells and Hazeltines, as one of the most impressive and powerful influences in the education of the young women of America.

There is one in our presence to-day who intimately knew our venerated friend, and to whose deep insight of love has been committed the gracious task of delineating a completer portrait than mine of this noble

woman. It is beautifully significant that the initial service of our principal-elect is the commemoration of the character and work of a distinguished predecessor, — her revered teacher and beloved friend.

To this pious duty, and to the headship of Abbot Academy, we welcome with an "All hail!" and our heart's loyalty and confidence, "our Portia," feeling sure that the true ideal of womanhood will still be held aloft and shining in the dear old school.

After the exercises at the South Church on Commencement Day, the Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Alumnæ Association was held in Abbot Hall, Miss Emily A. Means, principal-elect of Abbot Academy, in the chair. At that meeting it was voted that a committee be appointed by the Chair to draw up suitable resolutions in memory of Miss Philena McKeen, and that these resolutions be sent Mr. Charles McKeen Duren, and printed in the Andover *Townsman* and Abbot *Courant.* In accordance

with that vote, the following resolutions have been prepared:

Whereas, God in infinite wisdom and love has taken to her heavenly home our beloved friend and sister alumna, Miss Philena McKeen, and because we recognize that in losing her we have lost one of our most respected counsellors and faithful supporters; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we desire to place on record our sense of the great service she rendered Abbot Academy during the thirty-three years she was principal; and our appreciation of her recognition of the value of the Alumnæ Association to the school. This recognition she showed not only by her presence at our meetings, but by her enthusiasm in commending the Association to all pupils, and her constant and opportune mention of the benefit the school derived from the administration of our funds, slender although they are. In her busiest years she was never too busy to suggest, modify, or develop, any plans for rendering the Association more efficient, or for keeping it in touch with the life of the school.

Indeed, so many times has the noblest life of the Alumnæ Association appeared to exist in her generous heart and efficient brain, that it is further

Resolved, That the memory of her unfailing hopefulness, her unflagging perseverance, her unvarying conviction that the Alumnæ Association held in its hands the future prosperity and efficiency of Abbot Academy shall be a powerful as well as abiding incentive to the most strenuous individual effort to make it worthy her highest hopes.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent Mr. Charles McKeen Duren, with the assurance of our hearty sympathy, a copy to the Andover *Townsman* and the Abbot *Courant*, and that they be entered on the records of the Alumnæ Association and affixed to any memorial the Association may prepare of Miss McKeen.

Signed, Annie Sawyer Downs.
Irene R. Draper.
Mary A. Ripley.

The Trustees of Abbot Academy, a few days after Miss McKeen's death, asked Miss Emily A. Means, recently elected principal, to deliver a memorial address, with particular reference to Miss McKeen as a teacher, at the meeting of the Alumnæ Association, June 21, 1898. After the vote authorizing the resolutions printed upon the preceding page, Miss Means read the following paper:

Dear Friends:—

I have been asked by the Trustees of Abbot Academy to say a few words to you about Miss McKeen. They called it a memorial, but what memorial is needed for us, who are, so many of us, her living memorials? We are all here as the members of her family, to talk of her, and to try to make her live again before our minds, not by going over the facts of her life, but by estimating and admiring the qualities which made her the woman and the teacher that she was. Those of you who lived with her during school-life are better off than I am, who was only a day scholar; but I may add the other

experience of having taught with her. And some of you who never knew her as a teacher have learned to depend upon her as neighbor and fellow-townsman.

It is fair to say that this school made her life, as she made this school. The history of the Academy seems feeble, uncertain, and halting before these two sisters (for we must not speak of Miss McKeen without thinking of Miss Phebe) came to it. Children of character they must have been, growing up in the New England pastor's home, with every influence of high moral and spiritual as well as mental life; young women also of great capacity, as they taught in the western college. But I like to fancy them as entering this town and eagerly examining the school surroundings with a devoted desire and confidence that here was to be the scene of the great labor of their lives. And so, finding it drifting aimlessly on, they moulded it according to their own ideas of what noble ends it should fulfill. As Dr. Peabody said at Hampton, in a late sermon on General Armstrong's work, "It was not first the *plan* and then the *man*, but

first the *man* and then the *plan*." There was here no iron form into which they must fit, but a wide field for their strong personalities to cultivate, and in which they themselves might grow with its increased fruitfulness. It was dimly perceptible, even to me as a school girl, that these personalities were a divinely appointed contrast and intended to be a more complete whole than a single human being could be. For as I look back upon the days of study, which brighten and clear the farther we go from them, I see Miss Phebe, always in advance of her girls, stimulating them to great endeavors, with her brilliant smile of approval if they tried to climb the heights, or with a scathing scorn if they fell behind; like an enthusiastic captain, waving a shining sword as he leads the charge before his toiling ranks of soldiers; but I see Miss McKeen behind them, with steady force pushing them onwards, a force unknown, unperceived, but in constant action, like the irresistible movement of a glacier. Between two such stimuli how could one help moving forward? There were natures among their

scholars to whom one or the other was antipathetic, but I never heard of one who was not sensitive to the action of either. Many girls also disliked Miss McKeen's methods of government. Indeed, it is true enough that they were often disagreeable. But that was where she had a wider outlook over the future than the girl under constraint, and it was usually proven to be wholesome in the end, as the girl herself, grown to be a woman, would testify. No matter how it appeared to her, however, no matter how ugly and strong was her rebellion, it had no effect upon what Miss McKeen thought was her duty. When that was in question she was as steel. Nor would it be fair to say that she had no favorites. I believe that all good teachers have. And personal criticism of which or of what they were could not change that sometimes inscrutable liking, which may have been the saving of the girl to herself. Who can measure the subtle influence of such a sympathy? Such affection had its due return in the end, all the more, one fancies, because of the shame of the later woman in having

played upon and perhaps deceived a friend. Yet no one so well as her teachers can speak of the wisdom of her ways. In training and governing them she showed the great qualities of her mind, making them her vicars in the school. At the same time there was what to me was one of her most unusual gifts — a power of letting them alone in their work, which gave them a quite remarkable freedom for individual influence. Once she had selected a teacher and watched over her beginning, her confidence became absolute, and was the greatest source of strength to such an one. It inspired her with a courage and a conviction of power which is always such a firm basis to work out from. This is not to say that she neglected the general condition of the school, which it was her personal business to watch. Her eye was ever keenly sensitive to any sign of disorder, carelessness, or slovenliness in pupil or teacher. Girls' rooms, into which she entered, perhaps by chance, were seen at a glance, and an impression of the occupant's character and of her especial shortcomings was gained in a

moment. In the same way the materials used by the teachers were always under her comprehensive care. Untidy desks, books or pictures badly arranged were noted, and some one was spoken to to attend to their proper neatness. She was certainly a good housekeeper in her school before she became such in her home. Indoors and out everything felt that her eye would be upon it if it were not in its best condition and place. We owe much of the good state of the school materials to her passing up and down, and quick setting of things in order.

As a teacher, perhaps her most special quality was that of a breadth of knowledge in her own departments, upon which her scholars felt that they could fall back with as secure a sense of a sustaining power as when they trod on mother earth. There was no sense of possible failure. What she knew she knew with an accuracy and a readiness which almost dismayed the young mind. Yet this was united with a real and simple humility which allowed her to pass, as she wished, comparatively unnoticed. For with such un-

usual vigor of mental power, she had a singular physical timidity, growing partly, perhaps, from the protected and regular life which she had led for so many years, but also in some degree, the natural complement and relief to the masculine quality of her mind. A fear of horses, a dread of being left alone in her little house, or of going about in the dark, she often rather shamefacedly acknowledged, with a childlike air of dependence which made her seem still more loveable as she grew older. This also prevented her from ever desiring to appear in a prominent public situation. Yet when that became her duty her astonishing moral courage prevented any flinching. She has said, in such a case, after expressing her extreme dislike, "But I shall do it, if it kills me!" And this was no extravagance, but a part of the spirit which would have taken her to the stake, like one of her favorite martyrs, if that had been demanded. We need do no more than recall the tortures through which she went when begging for the money to build Draper Hall, to believe that she would have so gone through fire. Such self-sacrifice was the

outward testimony of her perfect and constant unselfishness. I do not believe that anyone can recall an instance, with regard to however small a matter, in which her own personal comfort or wish was consulted first. When the school was in question then she was eager to defend its interests, and actively selfish for its sake; or when her sense of propriety showed her that she, as a representative of the school and as a dignified woman, should have her wishes consulted, then it was equally impossible to move her to sacrifice. The *school*, "dear Abbot," as she called it in her last trembling note to me, *this* was her sole *pride*— unless, indeed, we count as such the sweet, wholesome joy which she had in her dear "Sunset Lodge." Pride in the school meant pride in its scholars, and that aided her memory to become so unerring and loving about the old girls and their lives. How hearty her greeting was! How personal her interest in all details of her girls' lives! How sure her memory of them, even of their descendants! How comforting was her listening to their tales, and her counsel when it was called for!

Indeed, I never knew a listener like her. Did you bring her a question to solve or a statement to weigh, she sat before you, in utter quiescence of the relaxed body, as if the will had retired to the brain, and had left only gentle pulsations, as in a deep sleep. There retired, it enlivened the senses — the eye unswervingly fixed on yours, not keenly, but with great intentness; the ear seeming as if it was listening to the very sound of your thoughts, sharpened to be sensitive to the very slightest stirring of your body, even the mouth quietly moving, as if to taste the atmosphere which the expression of your thoughts disturbed; the whole body a little bent forward and almost heavy with the desertion of the will. Have you not all seen her so? And have you not all felt that concentration of attention which so increased her fine judgment?

Miss McKeen's logical mind and well-arranged thoughts made good writing natural to her. Her letters were simple, clear, to the point, most affectionate to those she loved; her histories orderly, accurate, concise, and eminently appropriate in style to the special

requirements of so many details in so large a field. Where there was an opportunity for the expression of a deeper feeling it was present, but it was never obtrusive, or failed by excess to attain its true effect.

But I cannot pretend to analyze each faculty which made this great teacher a force in the world. You must each of you fill in many gaps which I have left, as you feel that she acted upon your own lives. She belongs to that race of teachers, great because of their strong characters, of such as Dr. Arnold and Dr. Samuel Taylor are examples. Scholarship they had, but the teaching of life, the impression on life, came not from that, but from their own lives — strong, sweet, gentle, firm, honest, and righteous. Some of these fell in the full tide of the conduct of their schools, but to Miss McKeen was reserved the still better end of using other faculties, ripened by much experience, in the service of the town. One picture must be before us at the close of her life — her sunny home and herself as its hospitable mistress. Here all the warmth of

her affection was free to express itself; and, guarded and cared for by her faithful Katy, among her singing birds and her plants, with her dainty housekeeping instincts all satisfied, she loved to receive her friends, doing immeasurable good to the young girls who were so blessed as to be in her house, measuring her other hospitality with careful planning, so as not to impose too much labor, studying for her Bible class and her club department, enthusiastic in beautifying the town, stretching out on all sides to use herself to the best of her ability in whatever direction was opened. Her peacefully flowing life thus passed to its merging in the wider one in the most blessed way, with no pain and but a few days' weariness. "It will be well either way," she wrote during her illness, when she said she was "expected to climb up the hill of health" again. Her work here was planned to go on as usual, but her work beyond she knew was ready for her when she was called to it. We mourn the loss of a dear friend, teacher, neighbor, one wise in judgment and counsel; but for her, with the blessed reunion

with her beloved Master, and with Miss Phebe, we are glad. She had tasted the full cup; it might have held more, but it was full of the completion of all the promises of God to those who love His commandments and keep them, and do His work in the world.

When Miss Means ended, the Alumnæ Association voted that the paper be printed, as a memorial of Miss McKeen, in connection with the resolutions, articles, and other addresses contained in this book.

It being further voted that all details be left to the committee which drafted the resolutions, the compilation is respectfully submitted by

Annie Sawyer Downs.
Irene Rowley Draper.
Mary Aiken Ripley.